

MEMOIR
OF
JOHN BRITT
THE HAPPY MUTE.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Price 1s. 6d.

COLUMBIA INSTITUTION

—FOR THE—

DEAF AND DUMB

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He snatched it back,— scowled at her ;—

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MEMOIR OF JOHN BRITT:

THE HAPPY MUTE.

COMPILED FROM THE WRITINGS, LETTERS,
AND CONVERSATION OF
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

 Seeleys.

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L. SEELEY, TAAMES DITTON.

IT was always the intention of Charlotte Elizabeth to have written a complete Memoir of her beloved Dumb Boy, but this intention was never accomplished.

The object of the compiler of these pages has been to collect together into one consecutive narrative, all that is said about Jack in Charlotte Elizabeth's various publications ; interpersed with anecdotes and facts which he received from her lips, and has gathered from letters written at the time to friends.

The narrative is, generally speaking, in Charlotte Elizabeth's own words, merely altered from the first to the third person ; some remarks and comments being occasionally added.

London, April, 1850.

A M E M O I R,

&c.

JOHN BRITT was born about the year 1813, near Kilkenny. He was born deaf and dumb. His parents were poor people in a very humble rank of life, and had no means of affording any instruction to their child, whose situation seemed to shut him out from all hope of it. They had one son, a few years older than John, and four daughters. Living in the suburbs of a country town, and subsisting on the produce of two cows, with what the father and eldest son might occasionally earn by working in the fields ; they were, of course, very poor. But they did not consider poverty an excuse for vice, and John's mother was in the habit of

remarking ; ‘ Though we could teach our child no good, we have kept him from learning evil, and have never suffered him to play about the streets with bad children. We watched over him ; we could do no more.’

They did all that in their own ignorance they could, and doubtless this caution was put into their hearts by the Holy Spirit, who had purposes of wonderful mercy in store for their speechless boy. They did what they could in protecting their child from evil example ; and God, in His own time, sent another to teach him that good which they had no means of communicating.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to say a few words on the subject of the deaf and dumb : for many of those who read these pages may never have had opportunities of observing this afflicted portion of their fellow-creatures, and they who have, may not have considered fully the particulars of their situation. We all know that language is learnt by imitating sounds ut-

tered by others. Some sounds, such as crying, laughing, screaming, are the natural expressions of strong feelings, and common to all rational beings ; but speech must be learned by hearing others speak, or it will never be acquired at all. We are in the habit of saying that such a person was born deaf or dumb, whereas, in truth, every one of us is born dumb, and must remain so until reason dawns, and we begin to imitate the words used by others. But when a person is born deaf, he continues dumb, because he hears no language spoken ; or, at best he will only make strange noises in attempting to imitate the movements that he observes in the lips of others who can use these organs of speech. Thus are the poor mutes shut out from communicating their ideas, except by such signs as they can devise to express themselves by ; and these are seldom understood or regarded, unless by those very nearly and tenderly interested in the welfare and comfort of the afflicted creature who uses

them. Of course, all moral instruction is confined to mere tokens of approval or displeasure, as the child's conduct is correct or not ; and religious teaching seems to be out of the question, where words are wanting to convey it. We may teach a child who was born deaf, to kneel, to hold up his hands, to move his lips, and often he will do so with the most affecting aspect of devotion ; but we can tell nothing of God the Creator and Preserver, the Redeemer and Sanctifier of our fallen race. Interest, curiosity, and awe, are often excited to a painful degree, in the mind of the deaf and dumb, by the outward solemnities of worship ; but all is an unfathomable mystery to their understandings, and they pine in secret to unravel it. This fact is often developed in conversations with those who have been brought under instruction after years of ignorance and perplexity, and it is a most affecting consideration, that in the bosom of even Christian families, there are often individuals eager

to be taught in these things, surrounded by fond connexions ; whose heart yearns to instruct them, and who are yet wrapped up in the gloom of heathenism, without God, without hope, without Christ in the world. May the Lord and Giver of life bless these pages to the spread of the glorious Gospel among these interesting sufferers, by pointing out a way by which they may be taught at least the saving truths of our most holy faith.

Oh remember, reader, that they have, as you, an evil heart of unbelief—that they are, like you, born in sin and conceived in iniquity, and that nothing but the blood, the all-cleansing blood of Christ can sprinkle their consciences and make them clean. That it is true of them as of all mankind ‘that except a man be *born again* he cannot see the kingdom of Heaven.’ The following narrative is indeed a wonderful illustration that the Spirit ‘bloweth where it listeth ;’ it is one of the clearest and most manifest proofs that perhaps was ever set

before the church, that conversion is indeed the work of God in a soul, showing how small after all is man's share in this mighty operation. In these days of Philosophy, when even under an Evangelical form of words, conversion is spoken of much as though it were an act of the intellect, a reception of certain doctrines in the mind, instead of what it is in truth—the work of God the Holy Ghost, it is refreshing to turn to Jack's simple apprehension of Christ, even before he knew His name—as the ONE, the Good ONE.

In the year 1823 Charlotte Elizabeth was residing in Kilkenny, actively engaged in literary pursuits, when she became interested in the fate of a deaf and dumb boy named Sylvester—a wayward but most engaging boy. He was at this time about 12 or 13 years old, a brilliant creature, of extraordinary talent and quickness. But alas! an early acquaintance with vice in every form appeared to have hardened his spirit beyond the reach of

human means to soften his wild, fierce character. To his instructress he was so gratefully and devotedly attached, that there was no effort he would not make, to acquire what she set before him, and his tasks were accomplished with amazing rapidity and correctness ; but on the following day not a trace would remain of what had recently been acquired : he was ready for any new lesson, but, except in writing, not a step was really gained, nor could his attention by any means be drawn to spiritual things ; he had actually no thought beyond his own present gratification, of which one part indeed, consisted in pleasing his friend, and therefore he went through his daily tasks with perfect good humour, and being exceedingly vain, delighted to make the most of his acquirements before others. Charlotte Elizabeth persevered with sorrow of heart, until one day, he brought in little Jack, and introducing him with great glee, ran off to his own play. He afforded great encouragement to

the beginner, affecting a very patronizing air, and expressing great pity for his supposed want of talent, for Jack's progress was extremely slow at first, and he seemed, to common observers, a mere foil to the sparkling Sylvester. After a little while however the latter became more irregular than ever at his studies, and soon entirely absented himself. Long did Charlotte Elizabeth grieve over the recollection of that lovely and engaging, but most depraved boy, and many a pang did it cost Jack in after years to reflect that the person who had, instrumentally, brought him under the blessing, himself rejected it as a thing of no value.

It was towards the close of a cold day in October in 1823, when Jack Britt was first brought to the house of her who was to be, in the hand of God, the means of conveying to him the glad tidings of salvation, and who was to become his best friend, his benefactress indeed. He was then more than eleven years

old, but looked scarcely nine. He was a puny little fellow, of heavy aspect, and wholly destitute of the life and animation that generally characterize that class, who are obliged to use looks and gestures as a substitute for words. He was however mild and engaging, combining the simplicity of an infant with a great deal of respectful modesty. He was poorly clad but very clean: and when his little bare feet had made acquaintance with the warm hearth-rug before the fire, and after a few wistful looks into the face of his hostess had convinced him that he had found a friend, he became exceedingly well pleased with his new situation. New indeed it was to him; for he had never before seen a carpeted room, nor anything superior to the contents of his father's cabin. This was soon evident, for seeing a looking-glass, he supposed it to be a window, and mounting a chair to peep through it, he fell down in a fright at suddenly beholding the reflection of his own face.

Jack did not appear at all expert in expressing himself by signs. In general the deaf and dumb are remarkably animated in so doing; but he was naturally reserved, and the perfect seclusion in which he had lived, through the watchful care of his family, had afforded him little opportunity for increasing his ingenuity in that way. He seemed for a long time unable to comprehend his friend's meaning, when she placed before him a dissected alphabet and formed the letters into short words; and when she guided his little hard hand to trace corresponding characters on the slate, it was indeed a work of time and patience to make him draw a single stroke correctly. His unmeaning grin of good-natured acquiescence in whatever he was bade to do, was more provoking than downright rebellion could have been, and Charlotte Elizabeth secretly agreed with her friends that the attempt would prove a complete failure, while impelled, irresistibly, to persevere with redoubled efforts. Jack's

uncouth, bristly hair fell in a straight mass over one of the finest foreheads ever seen, and concealed it: one day she happened to put aside this mass, for the benefit of his sight, and was so struck with the nobly expansive brow, that she exclaimed to a friend then in the act of dissuading her from the work, ‘No! with such a forehead as this, I can never despair of success.’

Still she could get no answer to the various gestures that she used in the way of inquiry, encouragement and remark: a very affectionate smile however told that he delighted to be noticed. Having some large alphabets cut out, she took the three letters, D, O, G, and arranging them together, pointed to the word, and then to her dog, until she was persuaded that he understood the connexion between them. Showing him a man in the street, she formed the word M, A, N, in the same way, and likewise H A T. The letters were then all shuffled together and he was

required to pick out the letters for dog—the same with man, and hat; and after a great many attempts he began to enter with some interest into the sport—for she took care, by the most playful looks and manner, to give it the appearance of amusement. Confining the lesson to these three words, she then showed him how to make the letters that composed them on the fingers ; and sent him away with more learning in his head than ever it had carried before.

Thus he was taught to read by words, without regarding the general plan of previously learning the alphabet. This was learned by degrees, as he made each letter on the fingers, when the printed characters was placed before him. The finger language, or Dactylogy, as some would call it, is soon learned, and forms an easy and expeditious mode of conversing. It was the only means by which communication could be held with Charlotte Elizabeth herself, who was, from the age of ten years,

totally deaf. Those who were in daily intercourse with her, were able to speak on the fingers as quickly almost as with the mouth, and could follow the most rapid preachers and speakers—even Irishmen—without losing one word of any importance. But her apprehension of these rapid movements of the fingers was truly astonishing. What seemed to others—and even to the repeater himself—almost a single motion of the hand, would be analyzed by her into its respective letters. No break was made to indicate divisions of words; thus all that was presented to her eye was one rapid succession of letters. Those who have attempted to decipher ancient Greek inscriptions have experienced the difficulty that presents itself at first, in grouping the letters into words—but in her case was superadded this difficulty that the letters were presented to her one by one, and with extreme rapidity. Yet all who have seen her at a public meeting, have noticed by her countenance that the smile

or the look of sorrow, followed instantly upon the utterance of the jest or the affecting allusion.

Jack was now able to spell many short words when shown the objects that they represented, such as cat, pen, ink, tea, cup, tray and others —always first putting the proper letters in regular order before him, then making those letters on the fingers also. At the same time he was taught to write in the usual way on a slate. This was slower work than the other ; but he took extraordinary pains to succeed in whatever his beloved teacher wished him to do : and such will be the case in almost every instance, when an attempt is affectionately made to instruct the deaf and dumb. They feel a difference between themselves and others ; they are conscious of being under some peculiar disadvantage.

The poor mute sees his companions laughing heartily at some amusing tale, and longs to share their mirth, but in vain. It is seldom

indeed, that they can convey to him, by their imperfect signs, any idea of what is going on ; and he is more likely to be peevishly checked for interrupting, than to be admitted as a sharer of their merriment. Again, at public and private worship, he sees the knee bent, marks the softened expression of each countenance, and sometimes the up-turned eye, and evident appearance of addressing some unseen object ; but all is a strange mystery to him, and he pines under the unsatisfied longings of a spirit which *feels* that it is shut up within bounds, unknown to its daily companions, and would fain break the barrier, but cannot. He sees those around him evidently interchanging thoughts and purposes, by some medium to him unknown : and no sooner does he find himself making one step towards the enjoyment of a similar privilege, than he is eager to advance, particularly if he be discouraged from using signs. Jack like others had some gesture to express most things, but Charlotte

Elizabeth never chose to understand by a sign, what she knew he could spell. Thus if he were going out, she would hide his hat, and vain were all his inquiring looks, his hand placed on his head, and then pointed to the street, or even to another hat—she appeared quite unconscious of his meaning, until the word H A T was spelt on the fingers, and then she immediately gave it him. This was an important rule: for the deaf and dumb will rarely, if ever, use a word, when the corresponding sign is understood.

For a long while he only learnt the proper names of objects with which he was daily conversant; but whenever he used a sign for any thing easy to spell, he was obliged to use the letters. Thus—*bad, good, large, small, light, dark*, and other adjectives, were taught as occasion called them forth. Seeing once the word “and,” he asked by an inquisitive shake of the head, what it meant. His teacher tied a piece of thread upon her pen, and passed it

round the inkstand, telling him that the thread was “and.” He was delighted, and ever after used the conjunction correctly. Children do not first learn their native tongue grammatically, but by catching a word here and there, with its signification. In the same way by a ready use of the finger alphabet, any person may enable a deaf and dumb child to acquire considerable knowledge of ordinary language, while the thirst for information, once awakened, is found insatiable in these most helpless, most interesting beings.

Charlotte Elizabeth says, “The case of Jack Britt was a very peculiar one. He was lying under many disadvantages, and I was in continual expectation of removing from the place of his abode. I well knew that no one was likely to take up my ground if I left it, and this rendered me less anxious for the mechanical, and more solicitous for the spiritual part of the work I had undertaken. I therefore made the most of all the signs that we could

establish between us, in order to store his inquiring mind, with what would be more valuable than even the greatest facility of communication with those around him ; and God so blessed my efforts, that I am lost in adoring wonder, when I look back and review what the finger of Omnipotence wrought. The way was made plain and easy to me ; and so it will be to every believer, who sets about such a work in firm confidence, that God willeth not the death of a soul, but commands the Gospel to be preached to every creature.”

CHAPTER II.

IT was by a sudden burst, that Jack's mind broke its prison, and looked around on every object, as though never before beheld, all seemed to appear in so new a light to him. Curiosity, in which he had been strangely deficient, became an eagerly active principle, and nothing that was portable did he fail to bring to his friend, with an enquiring shake of the head, and the word 'what ?' spelled by the fingers. It was no easy matter, when they had barely mastered a dozen common substantives, and few other parts of speech, to satisfy his inquisitiveness, which she always endeavoured to do, because it is wrong to repress that indication of dawning reason in a child, and Jack at eleven years

old, was in the predicament of a mere infant. More especially puzzling with his 'what?' accompanied by a motion, first at the dog, then to himself, to learn wherein consisted the difference between two creatures ; both of whom, as he intimated could eat, drink, sleep, and walk about : could be merry or angry, sick or well ; neither of whom could talk, and yet between whom he felt that there was a great difference.

The noble nature of man was struggling to assert its pre-eminence over the irrational brute, which he nevertheless loved and feared too. What a magnificent work is man ! Oh for the coming of that time, when Satan's reign being fulfilled, man shall rise again in renovated majesty above the usurper's power, and resume his high station among the brightest works of God. Oh for the time when the God-man, the incarnate Lord, shall come again in glory, when his own people seeing Him shall be like Him—and shall reign with Him gloriously,

when He reigns on the throne of His father David, on Mount Zion.

It was not long before Jack began to enquire diligently after God. He seemed full of grave, but restless thought, and then approaching Charlotte Elizabeth, he pointed towards the sun, and by a movement of the hands, as if kneading something, asked her whether she had made it?

She shook her head.

Did her mother make it?—No.

Did Mr. Roe or Mr. Shaw—the two protestant Clergymen—or the Priest? He had a sign to express each of these.—No.

Then ‘what?—what?’ with a frown and a stamp of fretful impatience.

She pointed upwards, with a look of reverential solemnity, and spelled the word ‘God.’

He seemed struck, and asked no more at that time, but next day he overwhelmed his friend with ‘what?—what?’ and seemed determined to know more about it. She told

him as well as she could, that He of whom she spoke, was great, powerful, and kind ; and that He was always looking at us.

He smiled and remarked that he did not know how the sun was made, for he could not keep his eyes on it ; but the moon he thought was made like a dumpling, and sent rolling over the tops of the trees, as he sent a marble across the floor. As for the stars, they were cut out with a large pair of scissors, and stuck into the sky with the end of the thumb. Having thus settled his system of astronomy, he looked very happy, and patted his chest with evident self-applause.

Charlotte Elizabeth was amused, but of course not satisfied, her dumb boy was still only an amiable Deist. Hitherto he had been necessarily an Atheist, as far as his understanding was concerned. He had, indeed, been taught to bow down before a crucifix, and to the pictures and images that adorned the altar of the Roman Catholic Chapel ; but this

only puzzled him. He saw that they were made of wood and paper, and that he was better than they, because though he could not hear or speak, he could both walk and see ; whereas they could neither speak, hear, see, nor walk. Of course he paid no honour to them ; nor had any idea entered his mind of the existence of a Supreme Being. This was plainly shewn, by the first question he put to his friend, asking her if she had made the sun.

All that he had now learnt, was but a very bare sort of Deism. To communicate more, however, seemed utterly impossible, until considerable things should have been accomplished in the way of education. There were but a dozen of the commonest words—all names of things—to which he could attach a meaning ; and his signs, all of his own contriving, were such as his teacher had to catch and follow as she might. It seemed impossible to teach him that he was a sinner—that Christ

lived and died for him. So said reason, but reason is a fool.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.”—“Not by might—nor by power—but by my Spirit ! saith the Lord.” It pleased Him to enlighten the mind of the dumb boy ; and instead of that work being dependant on human wisdom, all that human wisdom could do, was to creep after it, at a modest distance.

Next day Jack came to his teacher in great wrath, intimating that her tongue ought to be pulled out. This was his usual mode of accusation, where a lie had been told.

She looked innocent, and said ‘what?’

He reminded her of yesterday’s conversation, telling her he had looked everywhere for God ; he had been down the street, over the bridge, into the Churchyard, through the fields, had peeped into the grounds of the castle,

walked past the barrack-yard, and got up in the night to look out at the window.

All in vain ; He COULD NOT FIND God. *He saw nobody big enough to put up his hand and stick the stars into the sky.* He told his teacher she was ‘bad ;’ her tongue must be pulled out ; for there was ‘God—no. God no,’ and he repeated ‘God—no,’ so often, that it went to her very heart.

She considered the matter prayerfully. Her view of scripture told her, that without Divine help, none could really seek after God ; and also, that when He vouchsafed to give the desire, he would surely increase knowledge. Here was a poor afflicted boy, getting out of his bed to look by night for One whom he had vainly sought all the day : here was Satan at work to strengthen unbelief ; she was commanded to resist the devil, and surely there must be some way of resisting him.

She sat silent on the opposite side of the fire, and a plan having struck her, she looked

at Jack, shrugged her shoulders, and seemed convicted of a deception.

He shook his head at her, frowned and appeared much offended at her delinquency. Presently, she seized a small pair of bellows, and after puffing at the fire for a while, suddenly directed a rough blast at his little red hand, which hung very near it.

He snatched it back—scowled at her—and when she repeated the operation, expressed great displeasure; shivering and intimating that he did not like it.

She repeated the puff, saying ‘What?’ and looking most unconscious of having done anything.

Jack seized the bellows, blew hard, and repeated that it made his hand cold; that he was very angry and that she was ‘bad.’

Upon this she puffed in all directions, looked very eagerly at the pipe of the bellows, peering on every side, and then, explaining that she could see nothing, imitated his manner,

saying ‘Wind no—‘Wind no ;’ and shaking her head at him, told him his tongue must come out ; mimicking his look of rebuke and offended virtue.

He opened his eyes wide—stared—and panted ; a deep crimson suffused his whole face, and a soul—a real soul—shone in his strangely altered countenance, while he triumphantly repeated, ‘God like wind ! God like wind !’ He had no word for like ; it was signified by holding the two forefingers out, side by side, as a symbol of perfect resemblance.

Here was a step, a glorious step out of absolute Atheism into a perfect recognition of the Invisible God. An idea, to call it nothing more, new, grand, and absorbing took possession of his mind, and from henceforth both in his head and in his heart God reigned unrivalled. Even before he was intellectually acquainted with the gospel scheme—even before the facts of the gospel had been set before him, God, as the Creator and Preserver, was the

supreme object of his thoughts, and every event of the day, every object that met his view, gave rise to some touchingly simple question or remark concerning God. He observed that when trying to look at the sun, he was forced to shut his eyes, adding, ‘God like sun.’ An analogy not very traceable, though strictly just; for the glory that dazzled his mind was not visible. He was perpetually engaged in some process of abstract reasoning on every subject, and explained its results in an amazing manner; for it must be remembered that the reasonings were carried on without the intervention of words. He saw God in everything: the lightning he called ‘God’s eye;’ and the rainbow, ‘God’s smile.’

Indeed the testimony of his benefactress and of those who knew him at this period would lead to the conviction that the great change in his heart and nature was already complete. It cannot be too often remembered that faith and repentance are the work of God in the soul,

not necessarily dependant upon any intellectual process. If we believe that dying infants can be saved—and who doubts it? we must believe that they have been born again of the spirit, just as other sinful children of Adam, conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity are born again. There is no limitation to the affirmation—no distribution of the predicate; ‘Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.’ If therefore the infant be saved—it must, while yet in the flesh, have been born again of the Spirit; it must have had real faith in Christ, and real repentance (*μετανοία*), although unable to act out either. These spiritual gifts must have been there, though dormant, perhaps, as the reason whose undeveloped existence no one doubted. It may therefore be asserted that at this period of Jack’s life, he was really converted and was really a child of that God, whom he yet knew only as a Father; and this supposition is confirmed by the marvellous rapidity with which

he received, understood and assented to the great doctrine of imputation of our sins to Christ, and of His righteousness to us. These great stumbling-blocks to the learned of this world, were to him self-evident axioms. “I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.” (Matt. xi. 25.)

Jack had hitherto been rather teasing to the dog and other inferior animals, and had a great desire to fish; but now he became most exquisitely kind towards every living creature, moving his hand over them in a caressing way, and saying, ‘God made.’

The history of his abandoned fishing propensity, is as follows.

He obtained from the gardener a long slender stick, laid out his only penny on a bit of coarse line, and lastly came to Charlotte Elizabeth to ask her for some large pins, one

of these he bent like a hook, explaining that he was going to dig for worms to put upon it, that he might fish. She shook her head, and taking hold of his hand, made as though she would run the hook through the flesh. He snatched it away in a fright, saying, ‘Bad Mam.’—Mam was the name he called her by. ‘Bad Mam, hurt Jack ! ’

‘Bad Jack, hurt worm ; God made Jack—God made worm,’ was her reply.

He shook his head, and for some time seemed to exclude the worm from the privilege he extended to all that ‘God made ;’ but he was soon convinced, and said, they must have been rolled up in the world, as apples are in a dumpling, and then bitten their way through ! Satisfied with this odd idea, he said, ‘Good,’ and determined to fish with a piece of meat or paste, for a bait.

Next morning he reminded her of the subject, and asked her if God made the fishes, and having answered yes, he gave her to under-

stand, that if God did not like him to hurt the worms, neither would he like him to hurt the fishes. ‘Poor fish,’ he said, and proceeded to shew how its mouth would be torn by the hook, and then getting hold of a small hatchet, he chopped up his fishing-rod into walking-sticks ; and from that day he never could bear to see any one angling.

When Sylvester her first pupil, from being irregular in his attendance, fell off more and more, until he wholly discontinued coming, and others were withdrawn from fear of heretical infection, she became anxious, lest this dear boy might also leave her, before he had received the knowledge of Jesus Christ. She had at his earnest entreaty, taken him into the house altogether, his home being at some distance, lest he might at any time be withdrawn.

The ravages of a dreadful fever among the poor, increased her solicitude to see her little Deist a Christian ; and before recording

the circumstance, Charlotte Elizabeth thus speaks :

‘To the glory of God’s rich grace, it shall be recorded, as one of the most signal mercies ever vouchsafed to me. As before, the boy was led to open the way, and in the faith of the Lord’s willingness to reveal himself to an inquiring soul. I followed it up.’

Jack had noticed the number of funerals passing, and had occasionally seen dead bodies placed in their coffins. Nothing appears to occasion such distressing perplexity to a deaf mute, as the death and burial of his fellow-creatures. The change produced on countenances which used to smile on him—the icy coldness—total insensibility of the frame—the act of screwing down a coffin-lid over it, and of depositing that coffin deep beneath earth’s surface, with the solemn act of worship accompanying it,—all these are terribly and awfully exciting to him ; more especially when he is made to comprehend, by some associate, that

his turn will also come—that he, too, must be enclosed in a long box, and deposited in a deep pit, far from the cheerful light, and from all that now helps to gladden his solitary existence.

One evening he alluded to the subject, and asked by significant gestures whether they would ever open their eyes again; plainly indicating that the consciousness of immortality is natural to man, and unbelief in a future state foreign to his untaught feelings.

Charlotte Elizabeth—who was even then lifting up her heart in prayer for Divine assistance on this very point,—caught at the encouragement, and instantly proceeded to improve the opportunity. Throwing down her needle-work and bespeaking by a sign his most serious attention, she sketched upon a paper, a crowd of persons of all ages, and near them a large pit, with flames issuing from it. She told him that the crowd contained Jack—herself—every body—that all were ‘bad’—that

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God was very angry—and all must be cast into that fiery gulf. ~~Q~~ ~~UBET COTY GCE~~ He exhibited great dismay, and anxiously looked for further explanation.

She then drew a single figure, who came, she told him, from heaven ; being God's Son, that he asked his Father not to throw those people into the fire, and consented to be nailed to a cross to die ; that when his head drooped in death, the pit was shut up.

It may well be supposed that she greatly doubted the possibility that such a representation explained only by signs, should convey any clear idea to the boy's mind ; but it is God's will, by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe ; and she had immediate tokens of his assisting power, for Jack, after a pause of wonder, started an objection which proved that he had laid hold of the grand doctrine of a substitute for sinners, which it seemed so hopeless a thing to attempt to explain to him.

He remarked that the rescued people were

many, very many ;—and that He who was nailed on the cross was only one, and his earnest ‘what? what?’ with the eloquent look that now peculiarly belonged to his once stupid countenance, showed his anxiety for a solution of this difficulty.

With unutterable joy in her heart, but great composure of manner, she rose, and taking from a vase a bunch of dead flowers, inadvertently left there, she cut them into small bits, laid them in a heap on the table, and beside them her gold ring : then pointing to each with the words ‘many?—one?’ she asked him which he would rather have.

He suddenly struck his forehead,—clapped both hands—gave a jump from his seat and with the most rapturous expression of countenance, and brilliant look of sudden apprehension, and with a laugh of delight ; he declared by animated signs that the single piece of gold was better than a room-full of old flowers ; the gold was like Him on the cross

—the flowers like men, women, children, and he spelled most exultingly, ‘One ! One !’

A smile perfectly angelic beamed on his face, his eyes sparkled and danced with delight, until, with a rush of tears that quite suffused them, he gazed at his friend, then raised his eyes to the ceiling, his look softened into an expression of deep awe, and unbounded love, while he gently spelt on his fingers, ‘good ONE —good ONE !’ and ran for the letters to learn to spell His name.

‘ How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
To a believer’s ear ! ’

Jack was not to hear that name with his bodily ears, until the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God shall call his dust from sleeping in the earth ; but he received it into his mind, and the Gospel—the glorious everlasting Gospel into his soul, and the Holy Spirit into his heart, without the intervention of that sense. In the same hour it was given to him to believe, and from that hour, at all events,

all things were his—the world, life, death, and a bright immortality !

He was dumb ; no articulate sound had ever passed his lips, no note of melody had ever penetrated his closed ear, but the ‘ Ephphatha ’ had reached his heart ; and Oh ! how full, how rich, how sweet, how abiding was the communion which he held with his adored Redeemer.

The devil could not allow such a victory to be gained over him without a struggle. A few days after this memorable conversation, Jack made his appearance with a dark and sullen countenance. His teacher’s salutation was repulsed ; the old scene was repeated ; her tongue must be plucked out, for having told him lies. He had watched a man digging a grave in the neighbouring Churchyard, and in doing so the remains of a body had been rudely shovelled from their resting-place ; Jack had seen it—seen the grinning skull, and it was evident it never could open its eyes, for they were gone ; man was no better than the beasts, of whose

decay after death, he was well aware. His bright hopes were all clouded, and Satan for a moment triumphed.

Again she sought for direction and guidance from her Father ; then rising from her seat, she took from a closet a small box containing some hyacinth bulbs, which in the preceding season had delighted Jack with their bright colours, and which he knew were laid by for future growth.

Taking a bulb in her hand, she looked at it scornfully, as though it were worth nothing, and threw it from the open window into the garden. Jack who was watching her proceedings, was now roused, and advanced with interceding gestures, begging her not to throw away the beautiful flowers.

She intimated in reply that they were of no use—they were dead ; and in proof of it, she began to pull off some of the outer dry layers, and to pull the root to pieces, making signs to him that it was of no use.

Jack made signs in reply that he was astonished at her stupidity—cried out, ‘doll mam !’ his civil way of intimating that a person’s head was no better than a wooden one ; and he then proceeded to give a graphic representation in dumb show of what would happen when the root was put into the water, the roots would strike downwards—the green germs would appear—it would grow up—up—up, and then the gay flowers would burst out, just as beautiful as before.

In his eagerness to describe the growing hyacinth, he had forgotten the subject which before had so weighed upon his mind—but raising his eyes and catching her expressive look ; the truth flashed across him. He applied his own vivid description of the reviving flower to the mouldering bodies in the Church-yard, and never from that moment did a doubt of this nature cross his mind ; and his only anxiety in looking at a grave, was to know whether its tenant did ‘love Jesus Christ.’

Henceforth Charlotte Elizabeth had a Christian brother in her little dumb charge : his love to Jesus Christ was fervent and full ; his thoughts about him most beautiful. By degrees she gave him some knowledge of our Lord's mortal birth, his infancy, work, death, resurrection, and ascension ; together with the future Advent, which she then believed to be a coming to final judgment at the end of the world ; and often was she puzzled by discovering that all Jack's idea of his coming again, was that he would come to make his people happy, and to punish Satan and put him in prison. At this period she had never even heard of a personal reign, and Jack certainly had no human teaching but her own, and the evident leaning which he had, to ideas of a future, such as we should call "Millennarian views," can only be accounted for by looking higher than man.

CHAPTER III.

VERY great indeed was Jack's emotion, when he discovered that the Saviour in whom he was rejoicing, was the object represented by the image to which he had been taught to bow down. He resented it deeply, and his feelings took so sudden and violent a turn against popery, as to alarm his affectionate teacher, who, awake as she was to its abominations, had not yet assumed the bold and unflinching Protestant tone which afterwards distinguished her writings. It is her own remark, that she had not faith to trust the Lord with his own ; and dreading lest any interference with the forms of their idolatrous worship should cause his friends to take him away from her, she refrained from ap-

proaching the subject, and allowed the poor little fellow to bow down with the rest, in a mass-house. But God will not leave his own children in the communion of Antichrist, Jack spurned the whole system from him, as soon as the light of the Gospel fell upon its deformities.

Returning from chapel one day, soon after this, he seemed in great excitement: he took up a clothes-brush, set it on one end, and with ludicrous grimace, bowed down before it, joining his hands in the attitude of prayer, and chattering after his fashion ; he then asked the brush if it could hear him, waiting in an attitude of attention for its reply, and finally knocked it over and kicked it round the room, saying, 'Bad god, bad god !'

Well did his teacher guess his meaning, but as he concluded by snapping his fingers exultingly, and seated himself without further remark, she spoke on other subjects.

Next morning Jack was very animated, and evidently had a budget of new thoughts. He

began to describe something very small coming out of the ground, pointing in two opposite directions ; it grew, and then two more points appeared.

He was evidently describing the growth of a plant, and expecting some question, his teacher was all attention. But Jack was come to teach, not to learn.

He soon showed that his tree had reached a great height and size : then he made as if shouldering a hatchet, advanced to the tree, and cut it down.

Next came a great deal of sawing, chopping, planing, and shaping, until he had gone through the process of cutting out a crucifix, which he laid by. He then proceeded to make a stool, a box, and other small articles ; after which he gathered up the imaginary chips, flung them in the fire, and seemed to be cheering himself in the blaze.

Charlotte Elizabeth says, " I actually trembled at the proceeding ; for where had he, who

could not form or understand half a sentence, where had *he* learned the Holy Spirit's testimony, as recorded by Isaiah ?'

The sequel was as might have been anticipated. He feigned to set up the imaginary crucifix, and preparing to pray before it, he checked himself, saying, 'No ;' then with animated seriousness reverted to the springing up of the little seedling, saying, 'God made ;' and as it grew up he described the fashioning of the trunk, and branches, and leaves, most gracefully, still saying, 'God made ;' he seemed to dip a pencil in colour to paint the leaves, repeating 'God made beautiful !' Then he signified that God made his hands too, and he came to the conclusion, that the tree which God made, cut by his hands which God made, could not be God who made them. Then he grew very angry, and not satisfied with an insubstantial object for his holy indignation to vent itself upon, he ran for the clothes-brush, and gave it a worse cuffing and kicking than before ; and

ended with a solemn inquiry of his teacher, whether she worshipped crosses, &c., when she went to church.

She continues, ‘ How guilty I felt ! and still I trembled to give the encouragement I longed to bestow. However I distinctly intimated my detestation of idolatry, and confirmed his strong repudiation of it.’

He told her he would not go any more to chapel ; but she told him as well as she could, what would be the consequences of such a step. He became greatly distressed as the next Sabbath approached, but contrary to expectation, he returned from mass in excellent spirits. His elder brother Pat brought the news that Jack had become so musical he insisted in going to sit by the organ, that he might feel its vibrations ; and when alone with his teacher, he told her that he had run up the stairs from the outer door to the organ-loft, and so escaped even the necessity of bowing down to the cross, and in this plan he

persisted so long as he remained in his native place.

But he was soon to leave it. The return of her beloved brother from abroad, induced Charlotte Elizabeth to quit Ireland, and she determined to take Jack with her, if his parents would agree to it. There was no difficulty in bringing them to do so; they gave a willing grateful consent. His mother's words, while tears rolled down her cheeks, were, 'Take him, he is more your child than our's.' His father remarked, 'Why should'nt we let him go with you, seeing he would grieve to death if you left him behind?' She intimated to them that he would probably openly embrace her religion, but they only repeated that he was more her child than theirs, and could never come to any harm under her care.

As far as mere learning was concerned, Jack had by this time attained the full extent of his scholarship. He knew many words, but they were principally nouns—he mastered substan-

tives readily, and some of the most common adjectives, with a few adverbs, but the pronouns he never could attend to ; he knew a few verbs, but he generally expressed them by signs. His language was a mere skeleton, rendered intelligible by his looks and gestures, both of which were remarkably eloquent.

He would transcribe from the bible or prayer-book, as he was very fond of the pen ; but when he has unintentionally turned over two leaves, or missed a line, he would not be sensible of the error : a proof that he often wrote as he drew, namely, to copy the forms of what he saw. He once got hold of the verse, ‘ Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world : ’ and asked for an explanation of it ; he wrote it out twenty times with great delight, appreciating its full meaning ; but he still preferred a symbol of his own. ‘ The red hand ’ which will shortly be recounted.

Charlotte Elizabeth says, ‘ It may be asked

why I did not advance him farther in language ? There was a reluctance on his part which I could not surmount, and which he in some measure accounted for, by saying, that he liked to talk to me, but not to others. He used the word 'bother,' to explain the sensation occasioned by any effort in the way of acquiring grammatical learning, and went off to his pencil with such glee, that, as he was a good deal employed about the house and garden, and evidently drooped when much confined to sedentary occupation, I yielded to his choice, determined to settle him, after a while, to his studies ; and conscious that he was right in the remark which he made to me, that his not being able to talk better, kept him out of the way of many bad things. His sister who came over to me five months before his death, could not read ; consequently they had no communication but by signs : and often have I been amazed to witness the strange argumentative discussions that went forward between them, on the grand ques-

tion of religion. She looked on Jack as an apostate : while his whole soul was engaged in earnest prayer, that she also might come out from her idolatrous church.'

On one occasion, when Charlotte Elizabeth came down to breakfast, two eggs were served up, remarkable for their size. They attracted Jack's attention, and he said on his fingers—
‘ larges eggs.’

‘ Large eggs ; not larges eggs ; Jack.’

‘ Larges eggs,’ he repeated ; emphatically marking the s. A further remonstrance only produced the expression, ‘ Doll-mam !’ and with a look as though compassionating her ignorance, he proceeded to teach her grammar. Taking one egg in his hand he said inquiringly
‘ Large egg ? ’—she assented ; taking up the other, he repeated ‘ large egg ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Two, large ; larges ; Two, egg ; eggs,’ was his triumphant answer. The reasoning was so good, that he was allowed to consider himself

the victor in the argument. Happening to be writing a letter that day to Hannah More, Charlotte Elizabeth related the incident to her, and she never forgot it, but would often ask whether Jack had corrected any more of the defects of the English language.

The following will illustrate the utmost extent to which his grammatical acquirements ever reached. If he were required to go to the village to buy a small loaf of bread, the message would have been thus expressed, ‘Jack go village, money, bread small, one.’

Grammatically expressed, the order would have been unintelligible to him ; but he clearly understood it in the uncouth phrase just instanced. He would have gone to the shop, and writing down, ‘Bread small, one,’ would have held out the money, and made a sign to express what size he wanted.

It was this very fact of the impossibility of conveying to his mind, any clear notion of things invisible and spiritual, that so gloriously

manifested the power and goodness of God in causing the light to shine into his heart. To a reader who never witnessed the attempts of an intelligent, half-taught deaf mute to express his meaning, and to catch that of others, many things related of Jack, may appear, if not incredible, at least unintelligible ; yet none who ever saw and conversed with him would fail to substantiate them, and they are many. The late Rev. W. Hancock, his beloved pastor, who for four years observed him closely, often said, he derived greater encouragement from the experience and prayers of that poor boy, than from almost any other earthly source.

Unbelievers will doubt ; but those who know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ will adore.

Two things his soul abhorred.—Satan and Popery. Of Satan's power and malice he seemed to have a singularly experimental knowledge ; yet he always described him as a conquered foe.

His idea of the red hand, was truly sublime. He said that when he had lain a good while in the grave, God would call aloud, ‘Jack !’ and he would start, and say, ‘Yes, me Jack.’ Then he would rise and see multitudes standing together, God sitting with a very large book in his hand—he called it ‘Bible book’—and would beckon him to stand before him while he opened the book, and looked at the top of the pages, till he came to the name of ‘John Britt !’ when he would look to see if there were any ‘bads.’ So God would look, and hold it to the sun for light, but it was all blank. ‘No, no, nothing, none.’

‘What, Jack ? no bads ?’ said his teacher in some alarm at such a statement. ‘Have you never committed any bads ?’ ‘Oh yes ; ‘much bads ;’’ said he, with a face kindling and glowing with undescribable animation : but when he first prayed to Jesus Christ, He had taken the book out of God’s hands—found that page—and pulling from His palm something

which he described as filling up the hole made by the nails, had allowed the wound to bleed, passing His hand down the page, so that as he beautifully said—‘ God could see none of Jack’s bads, only Jesus Christ’s blood.’ Nothing being thus found against him, God would shut the book, and the Lord Jesus would come and put His arm round him, and say to God—‘ MY Jack,’ and thus take him to the place where the angels stood.

All this was told with the placid but animated look of one who is relating a delightful fact : and Charlotte Elizabeth remarks :

‘ I stood amazed ; for rarely had the plan of a sinner’s ransom, appropriation, and justification been so perspicuously set forth in a pulpit, as here it was by a poor deaf and dumb peasant-boy, whose broken language was eked out by signs. He often told it to others ; always making himself understood ; and often have I seen tears starting from a rough man’s eye, as he followed the glowing representation.’

This thought was his solace through life, and evidently illumined the dark valley of the shadow of death. The possibility of escaping hell, otherwise than by the interposition of ‘Jesus Christ’s red hand,’ would have appeared to him a mockery; and to doubt of Christ’s redeeming love to His own soul, he would have considered a very deep crime. Assurance with him was an essential part of faith; it was no newly acquired grace, no special gift. He knew that Christ had died for him—how then could he perish? He knew that Christ had loved him, not for anything in himself, but in spite of all his own sinfulness, how then could he suppose that such love could forsake him? He knew that when he sinned he had an advocate with the Father, whose ‘red hand’ was ready at every moment to blot out the sin as soon as it was confessed; and, while he confidently took God at His word, and, believed himself a saved sinner by grace alone; did he continue in sin that

grace might abound? Oh no. He who clung as a helpless, condemned, hell-deserving sinner to the free sovereign love of a ransoming Saviour, was a wonder to all who knew him for the unblemished purity of his life and conversation.

This is a mystery which the carnal mind cannot penetrate ; the Holy Spirit alone can teach any child of Adam to stop his mouth and stand guilty before God—to feel that he is utterly corrupt and abominable, while God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, can suffer no evil to dwell in his presence—yet to know that the same God can be just while justifying him who believeth in Jesus, and knowing this, to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

A more blameless character than Jack's was, when dwelling in his father's cabin, seemingly shut out from all instruction, will scarcely be found in his own or in any other rank of life ; yet he never looked back upon

those days with any other feeling, than that he had been plucked as a brand from the burning, by the teaching, that led him to Jesus Christ. He spoke about it a short time before his death, mentioning that when he was six or seven years old—he had stolen a halfpenny from his mother's store. This, he said, was written in God's book ; and if he had not prayed to Jesus Christ to pass his bleeding hand over it, that charge would have been read against him at the last day, and he must have gone to hell with thieves. He described his alarm when committing the deed, his dread of detection, and the shame with which he met his mother's looks, so as most clearly to fix upon himself the stain of wilful sin.

It was remarkable that when the Gospel scheme was set before him, as narrated in the preceding chapter, and when shown the drawing of the pit of flames, and told that he, for one, deserved to go there, for he had made God angry ; he freely confessed it, by sorrow-

ful looks and gestures, but most vehemently denied that God could be angry with his teacher.

Thus he was clearly brought acquainted with the plague of his own heart ; and not the slightest objection did he make to the justice of a dreadful sentence against him. This was the more remarkable, because he was exceedingly jealous of his own rights and reputation, never resting for a moment under any suffered invasion of either ; yet had he nothing to reply against God—he tacitly acknowledged his guiltiness ; and it was a most glorious proof of Divine teaching, that he never once appeared to question the love of God, even in delivering his own Son to a cruel death.

On the subject of his confident assurance, Charlotte Elizabeth remarks :—‘ Often have I asked the boy, ‘ Jack love Jesus Christ ? ’ the reply has always been, with a bright and placid smile, ‘ Yes, Jack *very* much loves Jesus Christ —Jesus Christ loves poor Jack ? ’ But if I ask

myself, do I love Him? I can but tremble and say, ‘I desire so to do.’ Yet I have the full conviction that He has loved me, and given Himself for me; and if I could unlearn enough to become as wise as Jack, I might attain to his blessed assurance.’

While at Kilkenny, a pious officer belonging to a Highland Regiment, called at the house. Jack soon found out that he loved Jesus Christ, and there was a bond at once between them. He asked the officer to shew him his dirk—he drew it and placed it in the boy’s hands, who immediately felt the sharp point, and gave a shudder at the idea of the pain it would cause were it thrust through the hand. Suddenly an idea crossed his mind, and with gestures and signs which were perfectly intelligible to the officer, although it was his first interview with Jack, he proceeded to detail the scene of our Lord being seized, and carried off, and nailed to the cross; and then turning to the tall soldier, and holding out the

dirk, asked him if he would not have fought for Jesus had he been there.

The officer was amazed at the question—but before he could reply, Jack said, ‘No, no, good Jesus—die; save poor bad Jack.’

CHAPTER IV.

JACK had never before been beyond the environs of his native town, and it might have been expected that the splendid buildings of Dublin would have astonished him. He regarded them however with indifference, because as he said they were not ‘God mades ;’ while the scenery through which he had travelled, particularly the noble oaks on Colonel Bruen’s fine demesne, and the groups of deer reclining beneath their broad shadow, roused him to enthusiasm. It was wonderful to trace the exquisite perception of beauty, as developed in that boy, who until a short time before had never been in a furnished room. His taste was refined, and his mind delicate beyond be-

lief; and to the last day of his life, he manifested the most sensitive modesty. Rudeness of any kind was hateful to him; he not only yielded respect to all, but required it towards himself, and really commanded it by his striking propriety of manner. It was remarked by one who highly appreciated him,—Mr. Donald, (the heart's ease of Charlotte Elizabeth's Chapters on Flowers,) that Jack was a 'God-made' gentleman, untainted with the slightest approach to anything like affectation or coxcombry: indeed he ridiculed the latter with much comic effect; and the words 'dandy Jack' would put him out of conceit with any article of apparel that drew forth the remark. He would answer the taunt with a face of grave rebuke, saying, 'Bad Man, bold Mam; Jack Dandy, no; Jack, poor boy.' He had not indeed arrived at so copious a vocabulary when he left his home; but he was rapidly acquiring new words.

It was beautiful to see him at prayers. He had never knelt down with the family a-

Kilkenny, for any Romanist who had detected him doing so, must have informed, and the priest would have commanded his removal. In Dublin however, he joined the rest, and as he knelt with clasped hands, looking up towards Heaven, the expression of his countenance was most lovely. A smile of child-like confidence and reverential love played over his features, now becoming most eloquent ; his bristly hair had begun to assume a silky appearance, and was combed aside from a magnificent brow, while a fine colour perpetually mantled his cheeks, and changed with every emotion, his dark hazle eyes, large and very bright, always speaking some thought that occupied his mind.

He was rather more than twelve years old. Charlotte Elizabeth remarks, ‘In profile he much resembled Kirke White, when older ; but the strongest likeness I ever saw of him, is an original portrait of Edward VI., by Holbein, in my possession. It was taken after

consumption had set its seal on the countenance of that blessed young king, as it did on that of my dear dumb boy.'

One adventure he had in Dublin that afforded him much enjoyment. Charlotte Elizabeth went into an extensive-toy shop to make some purchases, and Jack, enchanted with the wonders around him, strolled to the farther end, and into a little adjoining recess, well filled with toys. A great uproar was soon heard in that direction, and when all ran to enquire the cause, they found Jack mounted on a first-rate rocking-horse, tearing away full gallop, and absolutely roaring out in the maddest paroxysm of delight, his hat fallen off, his arms raised, his eyes and mouth wide open, and the surrounding valuables in imminent peril of a general crash. The mistress of the shop was so convulsed with laughter, that she could render no assistance, and it was with some difficulty that he was checked in his triumphant career, and dismounted. He after-

wards gave a very diverting account of his cautious approaches to the ‘good horse ;’ how he ascertained it was ‘bite, no ; kick, no ;’ and gradually got resolution to mount it. He wanted to know how far he had ridden, and also if it were a God made ?

Thenceforth Dublin was associated in mind with nothing else : even at nineteen years of age he would say, if he met with the name, ‘Good Dublin, good horse ; small Jack love good Dublin horse.’ The shipping pleased him greatly, and many of his drawings were representations of sailing vessels.

Charlotte Elizabeth had returned to England to take up her abode with her brother, Captain B——, whom she expected from Portugal ; but a hurt received in shooting, with its consequences, detained him in Lisbon nearly a year. His family however came over, and his then youngest child, a boy, became her especial charge, and they remained at Clifton for some time. She almost expected Jack to be jealous of such

a rival, but it was not so ; nothing could exceed his fondness for ‘Baby boy,’ or the zeal of his Irish devotion to the young gentleman. Knowing that in the event of her removal, Jack must earn his bread by some laborious or servile occupation, she took care to keep him humble. He took his meals in the same room with the family, because he was never suffered to associate with servants, but at a side-table : and he was expected to do every little household work that befitted his age and strength. A kind shake of the hand, morning and evening, was his peculiar privilege ; the omission a punishment too severe to be inflicted, except on occasions of most flagrant delinquency, and as rebelling against orders, or expressing angry emotions, to which he was constitutionally liable, by yells and howls. He had of course, no idea of the strength of his own lungs, nor of the effect produced by giving them full play in a fit of passion : but the commotion into which it threw the whole house, seemed to

flatter his vanity, and he became a vocalist on very trifling occasions.

These interludes were not agreeable to the other inmates of the home, nor were they a fitting example for ‘baby-boy,’ who soon tried his own little treble, in imitation of Jack’s deafening bass; and recourse was at last had to the aid of a young friend, who bestowed a few gentle raps on his head with the bent end of a hooked cane, and then locked him up in a dark kitchen for half an hour, saying, rather regretfully, ‘I suppose my popularity is at an end now. Poor fellow! I shall be sorry to lose his affection.’

But this was so far from being the case, that to his closing scene Jack retained a grateful remembrance of the proceeding. He used to say, ‘Good Mr. ——; good little stick beat Jack’s head; make bad Jack good. Jack love good Mr. ——;’ and as soon as he saw his kind corrector, after the business, he very gratefully and cordially thanked him,

kissing his hand with a bow, and saying, ‘Jack no more cry ;’ and as he really was hardly touched, and full well knew we had not the heart to be severe, it was a proof of that openness to rebuke, which is a lovely mark of true Christianity.

Montgomery beautifully says,

Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,
The Christian’s native air.

And so it eminently was with the dumb boy. Under every form of condition and circumstance ; in health and in sickness, in joy and in grief, in danger, in perplexity—over his food, his studies, his amusements, he was ever turning a look of peculiar sweetness on his benefactress with the two words, ‘Jack pray.’

He always smiled when so engaged ; and a look of inexpressible eagerness, mingled with satisfaction, and the triumph of one who feels he has taken a secure stand, showed without

any change of position or looking up, that he was holding communion with his Father.

When he tried to make himself understood by his fellow-creatures, there was always a mixture of anxiety in his aspect; but this gave place to something the reverse of anxiety when he was ‘talking to God,’ as he sometimes expressed it. He oftener looked down in prayer, than up, and often would he fix his eye upon the ‘baby-boy,’ when, as his looks bespoke, and as he afterwards would mention to his friend, he was, ‘tell God’ about the child, and that he was too little to know about Jesus Christ yet.

One of Jack’s lovely thoughts was this : He said that when little children began to walk, Jesus Christ held them by the hand to teach them ; and that if they fell, he put his hand between their heads and the ground to prevent their being hurt. Then as if he saw this proceeding he would look up, and with the fond-

est expression say, ‘*Good Jesus Christ!* Jack very much loves Jesus Christ.’

After about a year’s residence at Clifton, Charlotte Elizabeth, on the return of her brother, went to live with him at a delightful cottage, standing isolated on the verge of Bagshot Heath, sheltered by tall trees and opening on a beautiful lawn with a distant, but full view of the Military College at Sandhurst, where Capt. B—— was studying in the senior department.

Another boy was added to the family circle, and Jack’s warm heart seemed to receive an accession of love, that he might have to bestow on the ‘beautiful baby, small,’ which claimed so much of his thoughts and prayers.

Indeed his thoughts were always prayers, for God was in all. He made but little progress in language, having still a great dislike to learning, beyond what was needful for communicating his thoughts to his friend; and as he was obliged to be more with servants

than he had hitherto been, she was not anxious to extend his facilities of communication with them : nor did he at all desire their society. He had a little room of his own, to his great delight, over the coach-house ; and when not employed in his work, or talking to Charlotte Elizabeth, he was most happy with his pencil, drawing, or writing.

He gave a strong and beautiful proof of the dread with which God inspired him as to ensnaring company. A horse was about to be kept, and of course a groom. Jack came with an earnest entreaty that he might be the groom, saying he could do the duty well. The reason he gave, confidentially was, that men were very wicked; that the man-servant would often shake hands with the devil—his usual mode of expressing wilful sin—and if Jack shook hands with him, he would some day draw his hand till he got it into the devil's: meaning, that an evil companion would by degrees induce him to become evil too. He also said, ‘ Capt.

B—— was very kind to Mam, and that a servant would cost him money, and eat a great deal, but Jack would take no money, and only eat ‘small potato, small meat,’ because he loved Capt. B——. When she communicated this request to her brother, he laughed, saying, such a boy could never groom a horse; but Jack had been privately to a kind friend of his, a retired non-commissioned officer of cavalry, who had the care of some horses, and got him to give him instruction, and succeeded so well in his attempt that the serjeant told Capt. B. he really thought him competent to the task. He consented to try; and having purchased his horse, tied him up at the stable-door for Jack to commence operations, while all the family were assembled to see him.

Great apprehensions were entertained of a total failure, but he did it admirably, and Capt. B—— declared that he only wanted a few inches in height to be one of the best grooms in the kingdom. Jack’s exultation was very

great, and when all but Charlotte Elizabeth had retired, he went up to the horse, kissed it, and after expressing his delight at the pleasant looks of his dear master, he added, ‘ no man ! all one Jack. Devil cry—go devil ! ’ and snapped his fingers at the invisible enemy.

His greatest security next to his love of God was his constant fear of Satan ; yet it was rather a fear of himself, lest he should yield to his temptations, for he was perfectly aware that Satan could not force him to do anything. So beautifully did he realize the apostle’s declaration—“ Ye are bought with a price,”—that without ever knowing those words, he took them for the rule of his life, and found the principles conveyed in them a safe-guard against sin in every form ;—that is to say, sin had not the dominion over him—he hated sin, he dreaded it, he fought against it, often with tears and prayers, and that in matters which would be deemed by many of very slight importance.

One instance of this may be recorded. He had a great abhorrence of drunkenness: and, to avoid the beginning of such a sin, he resolved never to taste strong drink of any kind. He observed, that Satan would persuade him to take a small spoonful of wine to-day, a larger to-morrow, then half a glassful, and so until he should be willing to drink to intoxication. Frequently was he distressed by importunities which his remarkably modest and courteous disposition rendered it very painful to resist.

On one occasion, whilst at Sandhurst, he was sent with a note to a friend's house, and while waiting for the answer, he was pressed to take a glass of wine, by a young gentleman, who had resolved to overcome his scruples; the lad refused, but was more importunately urged to take it. His rejection became more firm and emphatic, as his thoughtless friend more resolutely persevered, until the latter seized him by the collar, drew his head back, and poured the wine into his lips. In this

emergency, Jack set his teeth so firmly that scarcely a drop could pass them, and the contents of the glass ran down over a pretty waistcoat which had just been given to him, and which he highly valued. He said nothing, but buttoned his coat, and returned with the letter. He related what had passed, showing the stains with an exulting smile, and remarking, that his waistcoat was spoiled, but God was not angry, for Jack was not drunk. When afterwards adverting to it, he said that God had made his teeth, and the devil could not get the wine through them.

He was especially cautious as to what associates he had, and his reserve with those whom he did not know to be Christians, was sometimes mistaken for pride. He invariably asked Charlotte Elizabeth, of every person who came to the house, whether that person loved Jesus Christ, and if the answer was not positively in the affirmative, he stood aloof; always most courteous, but perfectly cold, and

even dignified in repelling any advance to sociability beyond common politeness. He did not know the meaning of a single bad word, and God kept him so that the Wicked One touched him not ; means of course were carefully employed to this end, and God blessed them.

Charlotte Elizabeth says : ‘ I watched him most narrowly, always interfering if he were required to do anything, or to go to any place, in which I apprehended danger. My vigilance extorted smiles from those who considered it must all be in vain when he grew a little older, yet no obstacle was placed in my way ; and I blessed God I never relaxed that care, nor did the boy ever depart from his holy caution ; and he died at the age of nineteen, a very tall and fine-looking young man, with the mind of a little babe as regards the evil that is in the world. Oh, that parents knew the importance of thus watching over their boys ! ’

Soon after the first horse was established in the stall, another was purchased by Captain B., for his sister to ride ; he said he should now of course get an assistant in the stable ; but Jack burst into tears, and pleaded for leave to do all. Captain B. greatly delighted in his broken language, and caught exactly his phraseology, so that they conversed together freely. He was unable to withstand Jack's earnest entreaties, and giving strict orders that he should not be allowed to over-work himself, he was allowed to try for a while. Right proud was Jack of his two horses ; and none in the place were better kept.

A cow was soon added to the establishment, and a young person came to milk her ; but Jack was outrageous, talked of his mother's ‘ Kilkenny cows,’ and ‘ cow’s baby,’ and expressed such sovereign contempt for the stranger’s performance, and such downright hostility against the intruder, that no peace was obtained till he got the cow also under his especial care.

Often afterwards did he talk of that time, saying, he was ‘well Jack,’ when he had two horses and a cow ; and almost crying over the loss. He grew rapidly, and the doctors said that such a life would keep him strong to any age.

One day he asked Charlotte Elizabeth to let him have a hoop, to make him go faster on his messages ! The request seemed so childish that she did not regard it : so he went to her brother with the same request, and Captain B. inquired his reason. Jack replied that the stage-coaches which passed the gate went very fast, because the four horses had four large hoops, meaning the wheels, and if he had a large hoop he could go as fast as the horses. ‘Four horses—four wheels ; one Jack—one wheel.’ Diverted beyond measure at this singular reasoning, Captain B. sent to Reading for the largest and best hoop that could be got ; and away went Jack—racing beside the London coaches with his ‘wheel,’ nodding defiance at the horses, and shouting aloud with glee.

He often went six miles with his ‘wheel,’ to bear messages and notes to General O., whom he delighted in, and who looked on him as one of the most lovely instances of divine grace he had ever met with.

On the first formation of the British Reformation Society, General O. wrote to Charlotte Elizabeth, with a prospectus of the intended work. She told it to Jack, who in rapturous delight gave her his whole worldly fortune of two shillings, bidding her give it to put in their pockets, and to bid good General O., ‘ tell gentlemen to send much Bibles to Kilkenny,’ that his father and mother, and all the poor people might learn to break their crucifixes, and love Jesus Christ. She wrote this to the General, who sent to her for the identical two shillings, which were produced by a speaker on the platform, with the dumb boy’s message : and many a piece of gold was drawn from the purses of those who saw the gift, which stands enrolled among the first in the accounts of that noble

Society's receipts. Jack often prayed for the Reformation Society, and there was so much faith in all that he did—faith such as God alone can give—that he never seemed to entertain a doubt of obtaining what he asked.

His whole experience seemed to be an illustration of the word of promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

His belief that God looked at or saw his prayer, he illustrated as follows—He told his teacher to open her watch, and then explained, that by so doing she could perceive the movement of the wheels ; so, but without opening it, God could discern what passed in his heart.

A servant going to fetch something out of his room one night, when he was supposed to have been asleep a long while, saw him at the low window on his knees, his joined hands raised up, and his eyes fixed on the stars, with a smile of joy and love, like nothing, she said, she had ever seen or fancied. There was

no light but from that spangled sky, and she left him undisturbed. He told his friend that he liked to go the window, and kneel down, that God might look through the stars into his heart, to see how very much he loved Jesus Christ !

CHAPTER V.

FOR nearly two years matters went on in this happy way, Charlotte Elizabeth being domiciled with her mute charge in the cottage of her brother. During the day both were closely occupied,—he at his military studies, and she at her pen : and when the appointed working hours were over, being let loose from six hours' hard work, they were like two children out of school, enjoying themselves with all the buoyancy of naturally high spirits. The garden, the poultry-yard, the farm, fully occupied the afternoon; while the children gambolled round, and Jack looked on with smiles, after telling his friend how much he loved ‘beautiful Captain B.,’ as he constantly called him.

But a change was soon to come over this happy scene ; Captain B. had finished his college course, and was now called to join his regiment, serving in Ireland. He parted from his sister, however, in the confident hope of soon receiving a staff appointment in England, which would have enabled him again to offer her a home. Six months after his departure, she received the awful tidings from Mullingar, where he was quartered, that he had gone out to fish on Loch Youel—the boat upset and he perished. The blow to her was dreadful, and Jack was her first comforter. This however must be told in her own unaltered words.

‘ Meanwhile, what a tenfold recompense for all the care bestowed on him, did I reap in the beautiful sympathy of the dumb boy. When I came down stairs that dreadful morning, he met me with a face of such wild dismay, as even then arrested my attention. He uttered an audible ‘ Oh ! ’ of most touching tone, and thus expressed the impossibility he felt of realizing

the tidings ; ‘ Jack, *what* ? Jack asleep ? Jack see no—think no. Jack afraid very. Beautiful Captain B. gone ?—dead ? *What* ? and he stamped with the impatience of that fearfully inquisitive *what* ? I answered ; ‘ Captain B. gone : water kill, dead.’ Tears stole down his loving face as he responded, ‘ Poor mam ! Mam one,’ (meaning I was now alone in the world.) ‘ God see poor Mam one : Jesus Christ love poor Mam one.’

‘ With a feeling of bitter agony I asked him, ‘ *What* ? Jesus Christ love Capt, B——?’

‘ Yes, he replied, after a moment’s solemn thought on the question : ‘ Yes, Jack much pray ; mam much pray ; Jesus Christ see much prayer.’

‘ This was true comfort ; all the eloquence of all the pulpits in England could not have gone to my heart like that assurance that Jesus Christ had *seen* his many dumb prayers on behalf of that lost—oh, I could not even in the depth of my unbelieving heart say, “ lost one.” ’

' I again asked the boy, ' Jack much pray ?'

' He answered with solemn fervency, ' Very, very much prays, Jack pray morning, pray night : Jack pray church, pray bed. Yes, Jack many days very pray God make'—and he finished by signs, that wings should be made to grow from my brother's shoulders, for him to fly to heaven, adding, *Jesus Christ must make the wings* ; and then with a burst of animation, he told me that he was a ' very tall angel, very beautiful.'

It may be proper here briefly to say that while this beloved brother had shone most brightly as a pattern of every domestic virtue, yet, before his departure from Sandhurst, he had not given evidence of that great saving change without which all morality is but as filthy rags. Shortly, however, after his death, the most satisfactory tidings were received, which placed it beyond doubt that he had believed on that precious ' Jesus Christ,' to

whom Jack had so often prayed—the ‘red hand’ had blotted out his sins.

Charlotte Elizabeth continues, ‘I have repeated this conversation to show the broken language carried on between us ; and also how powerfully he expressed his thoughts.

‘ Soon after, when I was nearly fainting, a glass of water was held to my lips. I am ashamed to say, I dashed it down, exclaiming, ‘That murderer !’

‘ Jack caught my eye and echoing my feelings, said in a bitter way, ‘Bad water !’ then with a look of exulting contempt at the remaining fluid, he added, ‘ Soul gone water ? No ! ’

‘ This idea that the soul was not drowned, electrified me ; so good is a word spoken in due season, however trite a truism that word may be.

‘ That night I pretended to go bed, that others might do so too ; and then I left my room, went to my little study, which was hung

round with Jack's sweet drawings, and sat down, resting my elbow on the table, my face on my hands, and so remained for a couple of hours. Day was scarcely breaking upon me, about two in the morning, when the door opened softly, and Jack entered, only partially dressed, his face deadly pale, and altogether looking most piteously wretched. He paused at the door, saying, 'Jack asleep, no ; Jack sick, head bad—no more see beautiful Captain B.'

'I could only shake my head, and soon buried my face in my hands again. However, I still saw him through my fingers ; and after lifting up his eyes and clasped hands, in prayer for me, he proceeded to execute the purpose of his visit to that room. Softly, steadily, he went round, mounting a chair, and unpinned from the wall every drawing that contained a ship, a boat, or water under any form or representation. Still peeping at me, hoping he was not observed, he completed this work,

which nothing but a mind refined to the highest degree of delicate tenderness could ever have prompted, and then stopping at the door, cast over his shoulder such a look of desolate sorrow at me, that its very wretchedness poured balm into my heart.'

The Editor of this volume has in his possession some of the identical drawings, with the marks of the pins which attached them to the wall.

But God put into the dumb boy's heart another mode of consolation, which may be recorded, as a good specimen of his exceedingly original and beautiful train of thought. He used to relate his ideas as if they were things that he had seen: and now he had a tale to relate, the day after this, which rivetted his afflicted friend's attention.

He told her that her brother went on the lake in a little boat, and while he was going along, the devil got under it, seized one side, pulled it over, and caught her brother, clawing

him down to the bottom, which, as he told her, was deep, deep, and flames under it. Then Jesus Christ put his arm out of a cloud, reached into the water, took the soul out of the body, and drew it into the sky. When the devil saw the soul had escaped, he let the body go, and dived away, crying with rage, while the men took it to the land.

The soul he continued, went up, up, up ; it was bright and light, ‘like sun—all light, beautiful light.’ At last he saw a gate, and inside many angels, looking out at him : and but two very small angels came running to meet the soul ; and when he saw them, he took them up in his arms, kissed them, and carried them in towards the gate, still kissing and caressing them.

She was amazed and utterly at a loss, and said, ‘Two angels ? what ? Mam not know —what ?’

He looked at her with a laugh of wonder ; pointed to her head and the wooden table,

and replied—his usual way of calling a person stupid, ‘Doll mam! Two small boys, dead, Portugal.’

Capt. B—— had lost two babes in Portugal; and thus exquisitely had the untaught deaf and dumb boy pictured the welcome they had given their father on approaching the gate of heaven.

A day or two after, some kind sympathizing friends were assembled at the table, and some cheerful remark which was made, excited a general smile. Jack was in the act of handing a plate: he looked round him with a face of stern indignation, set down the plate, said, ‘Bad laughing!’ and walked out of the room, stopping at the door to say to his mistress, ‘Mam, come: no laughing; gone—dead.’

She had not smiled; and the jealous tenaciousness of such a grief, on the part of an exceedingly cheerful boy, was more soothing to her sorrow, than any other means could have been.

On the first arrival of Capt. B—— at Clifton, he had accompanied his sister on a visit to Mrs. Hannah More at Barley Wood. The young soldier was greatly delighted with this venerable saint's cheerful and intelligent conversation, and often spoke of her with admiration. During the interview Jack was standing behind a chair—watching the countenances of the two, and praying that good might arise from it. He was greatly delighted to see the ardent pleasure taken by Capt. B—— in the society of ‘Good Hannah More,’ and said ‘Beautiful Capt. B—— loves Hannah More: Good Hannah More loves beautiful Capt. B——.’ And while the dumb boy’s heart was lifted up in prayer, he and the wonderful manifestation of divine grace in his soul, were furnishing Hannah More with many appropriate remarks, calculated to awaken his interest on subjects then quite new to him.

Jack retained the fondest recollection of her: and when dying, requested Charlotte

Elizabeth to fix a little sketch of her likeness where he could constantly behold it—saying, ‘Jack die young: good Hannah More very old, soon come to Jesus Christ in heaven.’

One of his last efforts with his pencil, was to complete a copy that he had commenced from a print of Barley Wood. It is in the possession of the Editor, as Jack left it, unfinished; but the window is distinctly pourtrayed: and the distant church, where now repose the mortal remains of Hannah More.

With his imperfect acquaintance with the facts of Scripture, it was remarkable to observe the interest he felt in the cause of the Jews. Often did he say, ‘Jesus Christ love poor Jew; Jew soon see, love Jesus Christ.’ When speaking of them, he would look very tender and sorrowful, moving his head slowly from side to side, and his hand as if stroking some object in a caressing way.

At such times it was curious to mark the effect of naming a ‘priest Roman’ to him. In

a moment his aspect changed to something ludicrously repulsive ; he stuck his hands into his sides, puffed out his cheeks to their full extent, scowled till his brows overhung his eyelids, and generally finished by appearing to seize a goblet, and drain off the contents to the last drop, inflating his body, stroking it, smacking his lips, and strutting about.

This he did, not as imputing drunkenness to the priesthood, but their denying the cup to the laity, and swallowing the contents themselves. Though his acting was laughably comic, his feeling was that of serious and severe indignation ; and he would reprove the bye-standers for the laughter it was utterly impossible to restrain, saying with triumphant confidence, ' God see : Jesus Christ soon come ! ' This coming of the Lord Jesus, an actual, personal visible coming, to walk about on the earth, in whatever way he had represented it to himself, or however God had revealed it to him, he constantly associated

with two things—the consolation of the Jews and the destruction of Popery.

Charlotte Elizabeth did not, at this time, see it so; but she did not contradict him, nor attempt to alter his view of the future.

At the period of England's act of open apostacy—the passing of what is called the “Catholic Relief Bill,” she took an active part with her pen, in opposing that wicked measure; and was instrumental in getting a petition signed against it, in her immediate neighbourhood. She had strictly charged those who managed it to admit no signatures of any youth under seventeen years; nor any who did not seem to understand what they were doing and why.

The only person under the stipulated age who signed it was Jack: he was not seventeen; but he wept and implored so passionately for leave to tell the king not to let Romans make bad gods in England, that it would have been a sin to reject his protest.

He rather cut than wrote the name of John Britt on the parchment: the deepest crimson suffused his face, and his eyes flashed with the energy of his heartfelt protest against the abomination that he so well knew.

Once, when about twelve years old, he remarked, rather abruptly, that he had been thanking God for making him deaf and dumb, when he was very little. On her inquiry why, he chuckled and expressed in his simple way, a great deal of exultation, repeating that it was ‘very good.’ He said that having been taken regularly to mass by his poor parents, he should, if he had been like other children, have committed the great sin of idolatry. However, he said, not being able to hear, he could only be made to kneel, cross himself, and hold up his hand towards the crucifix and images.

When she inquired if he did not pray at all, at such times, with his heart, he repeated the word ‘pray,’ with a laugh, assuring her that

he never had felt the smallest respect for the objects before him: that he saw they were stone, wood, or paper, and as such regarded them. He added that he had no idea what praying was, until he beheld the family at worship—and saw persons look up, and speak with so much love and reverence—describing it graphically all the while—to One whom he could not see. Then with lively joy, he repeated ‘God is good—very good, God made little Jack deaf.’ So great was his exultation in this thought, that he would laugh and jump because, as he said, it made the devil cry.

Patriotism—love for his native Ireland, was deeply rooted in Jack’s heart. Of geography, he had not the slightest idea, neither could any peculiarity of language, or difference of accent affect him. He showed no unwillingness to leave his country; nor did a wish of returning to it ever seem to cross his mind. Yet was his love for Ireland so pervading, that it seemed to mix itself with all his thoughts.

Probably the sad contrast which his memory presented, of the wants, the vices, the slavish subjection of a priest-ridden population, to the comforts and decencies, and spiritual freedom of the land where he could worship God according to his conscience, without fear of man, was one ground of this tender compassionate love towards Ireland, and was the means of stirring up to that constant prayer, in which he earnestly wrestled with God, for his brethren according to the flesh. The language of his heart was, “Oh, that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people ! ”

But it was something more than compassion—his patriotism was a passion, on the nature and origin of which one might well ponder. His home was an obscure cabin in the long narrow street, that formed one outlet from Kilkenny. His steps rarely strayed beyond that dark and dreary street; he scarcely

knew his way into the neighbouring fields : and of the peculiar features of Irish scenery, he was perfectly ignorant. The habits of those around him, excited only disgust in his naturally delicate mind : and he never ceased to remark on the superiority of English cottages and customs.

But even as the glorious light of the gospel of Christ spread and brightened upon his soul, a feeling grew and deepened with it, to which it is difficult to apply a name—if it be not patriotism. The idea of returning to his own country, was to him insupportable ; indeed, if a fit of rebellion, to which, like all the rest of us, he was subject, withstood all other means, the remark that he must be sent back to his home, never failed to subdue him. Neither was this from a dread of enduring privation, for he often observed that he could earn a good deal by working or drawing ; but a half-tearful appeal to his friend, whether she would send Jack to worship wooden gods, and kneel to the

'bad bread,' as he called the despised wafer—always showed his real feeling ; generally followed by an energetic assurance that he would be 'dead Jack,' rather than do any such thing ; —that they might kill, but should not corrupt him.

Added to this, was a most ardent desire to bring his parents and family to England ; it was his dream by night, and his theme by day, the subject of many a prayer, and a stimulus to many an hour's hard work with the pencil, by means of which he hoped in time to accomplish this darling object.

Whence, then, the feeling so fervently Irish, that displayed itself so continually, gathering strength daily, during more than six years absence from his native land, and shining out in the very last glimmer of consciousness, when the hand of death was cold and heavy upon him ?

'Some of it,' Charlotte Elizabeth remarks, 'he might, and did catch from me : but nothing

that had not its root in his own spirit could have become such a master-passion. He could not speak long upon the subject without tears : and the ardour of his kindness towards any poor countryman whom we might meet on the road, or who came to our cottage-door to crave alms, was most affecting to witness. When, as was very often the case, we prevailed with some weary traveller from the coast, where he had recently landed, and was walking up to London, to listen to God's word, while taking a little rest and refreshment, no description, no painting could have done justice to the boy's appearance. His usual position on such occasions, was to stand behind a chair, so as to get a side view of the stranger, without being observed ; and with a fixed, deep colour in his cheeks, he would remain, like a piece of statuary, bending under his drooping eye-lids, such a gaze of intent observation upon the object of his solicitude, as nothing could divert. He of course knew not a word that

passed ; but the purport he well knew : and often have I thought, as I looked upon him, of the beautiful words of St. Paul, as expressing his tender yearnings over his countrymen. ‘ My heart’s desire and prayer to God for Israel, is, that they might be saved.’

When the door closed finally over such a guest, he would, if the case appeared a promising one, give loose to great joy : often expressing it in the most extraordinary descriptions, of what he supposed to be the feelings of Satan on the occasion.

He would make strange grimaces of discontent, grief, and rage, saying, ‘ Devil very dumpy : devil cry ; devil mad.’ Then he would express what must be the consequences to the Roman priesthood, if the people were converted ; and no one could behold this point of the representation without laughing.

He would personate a priest, show him extorting his dues and gifts from the poor people—a scene he had often witnessed ; then

describe the latter as refusing them, and, instead of money, pulling a bible from their pockets. Then, on the priest's part, all the gradations from violent rage to smiling persuasion, and at the last to a most humble entreaty for a little cash.

It was amazing, how he, who never in his life witnessed a theatrical exhibition of any kind, would perform a complete pantomime ; and that so well, that any explanation or elucidation, except as regarded the ways of the priests at home, was quite needless. When his delight had thus vented itself, he would gradually become serious ; and with subdued looks, but still in a glow of the brightest animation, would sketch the gladness of the angels at beholding a soul rescued from Satan, and the sublime vision that ever occupied his mind —the Saviour's bleeding hand drawn over the record of a returning sinner's misdeeds.

He manifested a great taste for drawing, which it was hoped might, in case of any acci-

dent befalling his friend, enable him to gain a livelihood. In a letter to Lord Mount Sandford, written in October 1829, Charlotte Elizabeth thus writes.

‘Now Pat, (this was Jack’s elder brother) is decidedly a convert ; and means to write boldly about it at home ; at first I almost trembled at the idea that it was all *my* doing—but in a moment I was humbled under the feeling, ‘It is the *Lord’s* doing, and it is marvellous.’ I have prayed incessantly about it since ; and as to poor Jack, he is so fondly attached to his mother, that nothing but prayer supports him—and he labours early and late to realize his fondest hope, that of earning money to buy a little cottage, and a cow, and bring them over to England.

‘There are four girls, the eldest about 23, and the youngest 7. The father is a model of sobriety and industry ; the mother the same. They could certainly live as well as in that place Kilkenny, and when once poor Jack is

earning regularly, he can do much for them, and it will be a joyful thing to me to think that I can, if summoned away from earth, leave him in an humble, safe *home*. We matured the plan some time ago, and you may judge how this has quickened him. He has drawn W—, H—, my mother and himself. He is getting very strong, and losing his cough. I trust the Lord is sparing him now, as a means to bring the blind by a way which they know not. Pat is brought—and our daily prayer for the rest is being now answered, mysteriously, and surely.

‘These poor creatures used to listen to me for hours ; and when removed away from the fear of that wretched priest, they will soon value their liberty. Poor Jack is full of sorrowful thoughts : yet so confident in the Lord—and his trust will not be disappointed—*cannot* be.’

The preceding extract, written at the time to her oldest friend and benefactor, who loved Jack dearly, has great interest. Many such exist.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK was never careless about souls—no individual lacked a share in his busy thoughts, on the great subject of the eternal doom : but there was no mistaking for a moment as to the fact if the person happened to be Irish. Then it became indeed a personal concern with him : all the scenes that had distressed his eyes in childhood, and the recollection of which grieved his heart, would rise to view. He spoke of the drunkenness, the dishonesty, the dreadful quarrels and fights for which his birth-place was disgracefully famous ; and above all, he dwelt with shuddering horror on the executions that he had witnessed at the gaol near his abode ; where the priests went

on to the last, lulling the wretched victims in a false peace, till their struggling forms were cast upon the wind. He would follow the guilty soul into another state of existence ; and nothing could equal the fearful force of his conception of eternal despair, but the enchanting grandeur of those which he had formed of eternal happiness.

On one occasion Charlotte Elizabeth found him in the garden, leaning on his spade, with tears trickling down his cheeks. She approached him with a look of inquiry ; he took up a handful of earth, to show that it was so dry he could scarcely dig : then proceeded to remark, that, because of the drought, he feared potatoes would not grow well in Ireland ; and poor Irish would be all bone, and would be sick and die before they had learned to pray to Jesus Christ. He dwelt on this for a long while, and most pathetically entreated her to pray to God for poor Ireland.

All that day he continued very sad ; and

on retiring at night, he gave a significant nod to one side, and joined his hands, signifying his intention to have a ‘long pray’ as he used to call it.

The next morning she went to the garden ; and most vehemently did he beckon for her to run, till she came to where he stood : when with a face flushed with joy, he turned rapidly over the well-moistened earth, then struck his spade exultingly into it, and said, that he prayed a long while before he went to bed—got up soon after, to pray again—and, in returning to his little couch, slept till morning : that while Jack was asleep, God who had *looked at* his prayer, made a large cloud, and sent much rain : and now potatoes would grow, poor Irish would be fat and strong ; and God, who sent the rain, would send them ‘much Bibles.’ Then lifting up his face to heaven with a look of unbounded love—reverential yet sweetly confiding—he said, ‘Good, good Jesus Christ ! ’

All his ideas turned on the one theme so dear to him, and this originality was inexhaustible. What could be finer than his notion of the lightning, that it was produced by a sudden opening and shutting of God's eye—or of the rainbow, that it was the reflection of God's smile? What more graphic than his representation of Satan's malice and impotence, when one evening, holding his finger to a candle, he snatched it back, as if burnt, pretending to be in great pain, and said, ' Devil like candle.' Then with a sudden look of triumph, he added, ' God like wind,' and with a most vehement puff at once extinguished the light. When it was rekindled he laughed and said, ' God kill devil.'

He said that God was always sitting still with the great book in his hand, and the Lord Jesus looking down for men, and crying to them, ' Come, man ; come, pray ;' that the devil drew them back from listening, and persuaded them to spit up towards Him, which

was his sign for rebellion and contempt ; but if at last a man snatched his hand from Satan, and prayed to the Lord Jesus, he went directly, took the book, found the name, and passed the ‘red hand’ over the page, on seeing which Satan would stamp and cry.

He gave very grotesque descriptions of the Evil Spirit’s mortification, and always ended by bestowing on him a hearty kick.

Charlotte Elizabeth remarks : ‘ From seeing the effect in point of watchfulness, prayer, and zeal, produced on this young Christian, by such continual realization of the presence of the great Tempter, I have been led to question very much the policy, not to say the lawfulness, of excluding that terrible foe, as we do from our general discourse. It seems to be regarded as a manifest impropriety to name him, except with the most studied circumlocution, as though we were afraid of treating him irreverently ; and he who is seldom named will not be often thought of.’

Assuredly it is a great help to him in his countless devices to be so kept out of sight ; we are prone to speak, to think, to act, as though we had only our own evil natures to contend with ; including perhaps, a sort of general admission, that something is at work to aid the cause of rebellion ; but it was far otherwise with Jack. If only conscious of the inward rising of a sullen or angry temper, he would immediately conclude that the Devil was trying to make him grieve the Lord ; and he knelt down to pray that God would drive him away.

The sight of a drunken man, affected him deeply ; he would remark that the Devil had drawn that man to the ale-house, put the cup into his hand, with an assurance that God did not see, or did not care ; and was now pushing him about, to show the angels he had made that wretched being ‘ spit ’ at the authority of the Lord.

In like manner with all other vices and some seeming virtues. There was a person in high

station, whom Jack knew to be very hostile to the gospel, and who hindered it to the best of his power, but who nevertheless paid the most punctual regard to all the formalities of external public worship. There was something truly startling in the picture Jack drew—the devil leading him to church—opening the pew-door—setting a hassock—putting a handsome prayer-book before him, and turning over the leaves—and when he had carefully followed the whole service—patting him on the back and saying, ‘A very good pray !’

A pious minister now departed, who knew the individual alluded to, declared that he had never heard so awfully just a description of self-deluding formality helped on by Satan.

Charlotte Elizabeth says, ‘ I once asked him a strange question, but I did it not lightly. He was expressing the most unbounded anxiety for the salvation of every one. He spoke with joy and delight of the angels and glorified spirits : he wept for those who had died un-

reconciled through the ‘red hand;’ and urged me to pray very much for all alive, that they might be saved ; when he lamented so feelingly the lost estate of the condemned, I ventured to ask him if he were not sorry for Satan. In a moment his look changed from the softest compassion to the most indignant severity ; and he replied, with great spirit, ‘ No ! devil hate Jesus Christ—Jack *hate* devil : ’ and went on in a strain of lofty exultation, in the prospect of seeing the great Enemy chained for ever in a lake of fire. He did not excuse those who perished in unbelief and enmity : he seemed to mourn for them in the exact spirit of his Saviour, who, as man, wept over the sinners, whom he nevertheless, as God, sealed up in just condemnation. When I asked him if he ever prayed for those who were dead, he answered in some surprise, ‘ No,’ and inquired whether I did. I replied in the negative. He said ‘ good,’ and added that the ‘ red hand’ was not put on the book after people were

dead, but while they were on the earth and praying. Yet the idea of the soul slumbering was to him perfectly ridiculous—he quite laughed at it.'

There is and can be, but one clue to all these wonderful instances of the way in which an unlearned peasant, most limited in his communication with others, had attained to such exceedingly correct views of doctrine, and that is, to attribute it directly and immediately to Divine teaching. Many an hour did Jack pass in prayer, or as he sweetly called it, in talking to God—and it is plain that God also talked to the poor deaf boy; illustrating the force of the beloved apostle's words—"we have fellowship one with another;" that is, the saved sinner and his God; not as the passage is often incorrectly explained, to apply to the fellowship that exists between saints on earth.

Ignorant as the boy was of the letters of scripture, the Bible seemed written, as it were, on his heart and brain. Not only his ideas,

but his expressions, as far as they went, were those of scripture ; and none who conversed with him could believe without close investigation that he was so unacquainted with the written word. When tempted to do any thing covetous or mercenary, he would fight against the feeling saying, ‘ No, no : Judas love money—devil love money—Jesus Christ not love money—Jack know, money bad.’

His kind friend had of course made him intimately acquainted with all the history of his dear Lord ; but it was God who taught him the spiritual application.

She had contrived to give him some tolerable idea, with the help of John Foxe’s wood-cuts, of the sufferings of the martyrs who had been burnt for not worshipping crucifixes and the ‘ devil’s bad bread,’ under Queen Mary, and the hold that it took upon him was evinced in rather a strange manner. He never once alluded to the place of torment, without saying that Judas and Queen Mary were chained

together there. Charlotte Elizabeth remarks : ‘ I could not enter into the thing as he did. I could not accord to that wicked woman the fearful pre-eminence that he assigned to her : but a closer acquaintance with the sufferings of our English confessors has brought it involuntarily to my thoughts, with something like an acquiescent shudder.’

In her ‘Chapters on Flowers,’ Charlotte Elizabeth represents Jack under the symbol of the Shamrock, and she thus assigns her reasons. After relating the legend of St. Patrick —how he answered the inquiry ‘can three be one,’ by gathering a shamrock-leaf which grew at his feet ; telling them that God had carpetted their beautiful island with an illustration of what they considered so incomprehensible, she continues :

‘ The dumb boy fully understood all this : he frequently alluded to it : and sweet it is to reflect, that he whose tongue was silent on earth, is singing a new and glorious song before

the throne of that Incomprehensible ONE, whom he knew and adored—as Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier—while seeing through a glass, more dark perhaps than that which we are privileged to use: whom he now knows even as he is known: whom he now adores, with energies set free from the deadening weight of sinful flesh, perfected even into the image of his Saviour's glory.'

'Before nineteen years had rolled over him, Jack was summoned to enter into this enjoyment; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that the broadest, deepest, most unequivocal seal of adoption into God's family, was visibly impressed upon him, during the last seven years of his gentle and peaceful life. His character shone with a bright, yet calm and unostentatious consistency—he adorned his lowly station with such quiet endurance of the world's uplifted heel, and stood so unharmed in the midst of its pollutions, evermore revived by the dews of Divine grace, and exhibiting so

attractive, though imperfect an image of Him, who formed him to show his praise, that I could find no type so expressive of him, as his own native shamrock ; even had not the fervency of his patriotism, which was really enthusiastic, crowned the resemblance.'

' But another circumstance, never to be erased from my fondest recollection, has inseparably combined that boy's image with the shamrock-leaf. I had taken him from his parents at the age of eleven : and it will readily be believed, that the grateful love which he bore to me, as his only instructor and friend, extended itself to those who were dear to me. There was one, round whom all the strings of my heart had entwined from the cradle. Jack appeared to understand, better than any one else ever did, the depth of my affection for this precious relative, and most ardently did the boy love him. * * * * * It was some months after my bereavement, that on the dawn of St. Patrick's day, I summoned Jack

to sally forth, and gather shamrocks. To my surprise, he declined putting one in his hat ; and when I rallied, remonstrated, and at last almost scolded him, he only repeated the gentle movement of the hand, which implied rejection, sometimes spelling ‘ No—no.’ I was puzzled at this ; especially as a deep shade of pensiveness overcast a countenance that always was dressed in smiles on Patrick’s day. I was also vexed at his want of sympathy, on a subject on which we had always agreed so well—love for dear Ireland. In the middle of the day I took him out with me, and again tendered the shamrock ; but could not persuade him to mount it higher than his bosom. Seeing an Irish youth pass, with the national crest, I pointed to him saying, ‘ That good boy loves Ireland : bad Jack does not love it.’ This touched him nearly. He answered sorrowfully, ‘ Yes, Jack *very* much loves poor Ireland.’

‘ I shook my head, pointing to his hat ; and

unable to bear the reproach, he reluctantly told me, while his eyes swam in tears, that he could not wear it in his hat, for shamrocks *now* grew on Capt. B——'s grave.

'I will not attempt to express what I felt at this trait of exquisite tenderness and delicacy in a poor peasant boy; but I told him that the little shamrocks were far dearer to me, because they made that spot look green and lovely. He instantly kissed the leaves, and put them in his hat, and when, after two years, I saw his own lowly grave actually covered with shamrocks, I felt that in this world I must not look for such another character. That child of God was commissioned to cross my path, that he might shed over it that pure and tranquillizing light of his eminently holy and happy spirit, during the darkest and most troubled season of my past pilgrimage. The Lord has choice cordials to bestow, but he keeps them for special occasions, to strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees, of his faithful people.'

An anecdote which occurred while Jack was yet at Clifton may here be related. A dear and tried child of God was afflicted with a cancer of the worst kind, and while the sufferings of her body were intense, the amazing power of Divine grace and favour was wonderfully illustrated by her patient endurance of the really heavy cross laid in mercy upon her. Jack was then in the first stages of instruction, and he could not understand how one who loved God, and whom God loved, could be allowed thus to suffer. He would say, ‘poor Mrs. C. much hurt. What? God love Mrs. C. God hurt Mrs. C. What?’

The ‘what’ was often repeated with an impatient shake of the head, signifying a desire for information.

The reply given was, ‘Yes, God loves Mrs. C. Poor Mrs. C. soon go to heaven.’

Jack realized heavenly things in a very practical way, and was content with the assurance, under the expectation of her immediate removal

to glory. But she lingered for many a long month ; and as weeks passed away, Jack would come out with his embarrassing ‘ What ? Mrs. C. very long pain ? What ? God love Mrs. C. ? ’

Jack was in a few years to know by sweet and precious experience what a Father’s love is, and how it can support, while the poor form is racked with pain ; and no thought of questioning God’s love came across him, when he himself was called to suffer.

For nearly a year Mrs. C. lingered on in tortures indescribable, and at last sweetly departed to glory—her last words to her attendant being, ‘ Mary—Heaven ! ’

A few days after her death, Jack accompanied his friend to see the remains committed to the ground. His smile was triumphantly-joyous, though tears stole down his cheeks as he said, ‘ Yes, God loves Mrs. C. good Mrs. C. gone to heaven. Yes, Jesus Christ loves Mrs. C.’

CHAPTER VII.

THE cough mentioned in a letter already quoted, soon became confirmed consumption. It may be possible to describe a glorious sunset, sweet with all the softening splendour that it sheds around ; but to describe the setting of the dumb boy's sun of mortal life, would be impossible. He declined like the orb of day, gently, silently, gradually, yet swiftly ; and gathered new beauties as he approached the horizon. His sufferings were great, but far greater his patience ; and nothing resembling a complaint ever escaped him. When appearing in the morning, with pallid, exhausted looks, if asked whether he had slept, he could reply with a sweet smile, 'No. Jack

no sleep ; Jack think good Jesus Christ see poor Jack. Night dark ; heaven all light ; soon see heaven. Cough much now, pain bad : soon no cough, no pain.'

This was his usual way of admitting how much he suffered ; always placing in contrast, the glory to be revealed in him, and which seemed already revealed to him. Knowing that his recovery was impossible, his friends refrained, with his full concurrence, from having him tormented with miscalled alleviations, such as opiates, bloodletting, and so forth. All that kindness and skill could effect, was gratuitously done for him, and every thing freely supplied, by medical friends ; but they admitted that no permanent relief could be given, and it was held cruel to embitter his dying season with inflictions, which in the end increase the sufferings they temporarily subdue. This plan kept the dear boy's mind clear and calm : the ever-present Saviour being to him instead of all soothing drugs.

Sometimes, when greatly oppressed, leeches were applied, and once half a dozen were put on his side, at his own request. The inflammation was very great ; the torture dreadful as they drew it to the surface ; and as he sate, grasping the arm of a chair, and writhing convulsively, he said, ‘ Very, very pain : pain bad, soon well ; ’ and he seemed half wild with agony. Looking up in his friend’s face, he saw her in tears, and instantly assumed his sweetest expression of countenance, saying in a calm leisurely way, that his pain was much, but the pain the Lord suffered, much more ; his was only in his side ; the Lord suffered in his side, his hands, his feet, and his head. His pain would be over in half an hour, the Lord’s lasted many hours : he was ‘ bad Jack,’ the Lord was ‘ good Jesus Christ.’

Then again he observed, the leeches made very little holes in his skin, and drew out a little blood ; but the thorns, the nails, the spear, tore the Lord’s flesh, and all his blood

gushed out—it was shed to save him : and he raised his eyes, lifted his clasped hands, turned his whole face up towards heaven, saying, ‘Jack loves, loves, very loves good Jesus Christ !’ When another violent pang made him start and writhe a little, he recovered in a moment, nodded his head, and said, ‘Good pain ! make Jack soon go heaven.’

During the winter months he sank daily : his greatest earthly delight was, in occasionally seeing Mr. Donald, the “ heart’s ease,” for whom he felt the fondest love, and who seemed to have a presentiment of the happy union in which they would together soon rejoice before the Lord. Jack was courteous in manner, even to elegance, and most graceful ; and being now nineteen, tall and large, with the expression of infantine innocence and sweetness on a very fine countenance, no one could look on him without admiration ; nor treat him with roughness or disrespect : but Mr. Donald’s tenderness of manner was no less conspicuous

than his, and Charlotte Elizabeth says, ‘ I have watched that noble-minded Christian man, waiting on the dying youth, as he sate patiently reclining in his chair—for he could not lie down ; and the grateful humility with which every little kindness was received, until I almost forgot what the rude unfeeling world was like, in that exquisite contemplation. How much the fruit in God’s garden is beautified by the process that ripens it ! ’

Before his illness had proceeded so far, he used to attend the Sunday afternoon school, which she had established in her cottage, and used to take in his own way, an active part in the management. And indeed one of the greatest temptations which the boys had to disorderly conduct, was in the laughably authoritative style of Jack’s superintendence. He was then rapidly fading, but in mind brighter than ever.

Seated in a large chair, a little to the rear, he kept strict watch over the party, and any

deviation from what he considered correct conduct, was noticed with a threat of punishment, conveyed by pinching his own ear, slapping his own face, kicking out his foot, and similar indications of chastisement, with a knowing nod at the offender. But if he saw an approach to levity over the word of God, his manner wholly changed. Tears filled his eyes, he looked all grief and entreaty, and the words, 'God see,' were earnestly spelt on his uplifted hands. No one could stand the appeal; and very rarely had he occasion to make it.

It was a sweet season when the dumb boy commemorated at the Lord's table, that dying love which continually occupied his thoughts. His elder brother, for whom he was deeply interested, had after a long conflict, renounced popery, and earnestly desired to partake with his brother that blessed ordinance. Consumption had then made great havoc on poor Jack, though he lived a year longer; and his full face, and slender, delicate figure, formed a

touching contrast to the stout ruddy young soldier who knelt beside him. The latter evinced much emotion ; but there was all the serenity, all the smiling loveliness of a clear summer's sky, in the countenance of Jack.

On being questioned afterwards about the ordinance, his reply was very concise and comprehensive. ‘Jack knows Jesus Christ love poor Jack—Jack very *very* much love Jesus Christ—Jack *very very very* much hate devil—Go devil !’ and with a look of lofty solemn triumph, he waved for him to depart, as one who had no power to molest him ! He felt that he had overcome the accuser by the blood of the Lamb.

Jack laboured anxiously to convert his sister ; and as she could not read at all, the whole controversy was carried on by signs. Mary was excessively mirthful—Jack unboundedly earnest ; and when her playful reproaches roused his Irish blood, the scene was often very comic.

He once brought a long list of accusations against her priest, for taking his mother's money, making the poor fast, while the rich payed for dispensations to eat, inflicting cruel penances, drinking too much whiskey ; and finally telling the people to worship wooden and breaden gods.

To all this, Mary attended with perfect good humour, and then told him the same priest had christened him, and made crosses upon him. Jack wrathfully intimated that he was then a baby, with a head like a doll : and knew nothing ; but if he had been wise, he would have kicked his little foot into the priest's mouth.

The controversy grew so warm, that it was necessary to part them. His horror of the priests was solely directed against their false religion : when he was told of a priest being converted, he leaped for joy.

At the commencement of the year 1831, he was evidently dying ; and furlough was obtained

for his brother to visit him. Poor Pat went to bed no more than twice during the fortnight he was there : so bitterly did he grieve over the companion of his early days, and many a sweet discourse passed between them, on the subject of the blessed hope that sustained the dying Christian. He only survived Pat's departure four days.

On Christmas eve, a few weeks before his death, some holly was brought into the room at his request. His sister Mary, who was still under the dominion of popery, carried her zeal so far, that almost a forest was brought into Jack's sitting-room. He smiled, and said, ‘Good, good !’ An expression of most divine sweetness overspread his countenance, while raising his meek eyes, he took a small sprig of holly, pricking the back of his hand with its pointed leaf, and showing the scars left by it. Then selecting a long shoot, he made a sign as though he were twisting it about his head, and described the pain that it would

give him to do so ; and with starting tears, said, ‘ Jesus Christ.’

‘ Who could fail,’ says Charlotte Elizabeth, ‘ to recal in those looks and actions, his vivid recollection of the crown of thorns ? He then pointed to the berries, thinly scattered on the holly-bough : and told me God put them there to remind him of the drops of blood that stained his Saviour’s brow, when so crowned. I stood before the boy, filled with conscious shame for that I had never traced the touching symbol : while the piteous expression of his pale countenance, bespoke an exquisite realization of the scene, to which I never could attain. How cold and hard did my own heart appear to be, when I might even see the melting of that poor boy’s, under the sense of what his Redeemer had suffered for him ! *For him*, indeed : such an undoubting appropriation of the work to his own eternal gain, few are privileged to witness—fewer to experience.’

After this, he requested that the room might be surrounded with holly, until he sat as in a

bower ; and then endeavoured to instruct his sister in the great difference, between loving a symbol, and regarding it superstitiously. He adverted with grief and indignation to the Popish Chapels, when at that season, a more abundant measure of adoration is offered at the idol-shrines ; and strongly insisted that all honours should be paid to the living God alone.

On the third of February the last symptoms came on ; the death-damp began to ooze out, his legs were terribly swelled, and he sat in that state, incapable of receiving warmth, scarcely able to swallow, yet clear, bright, and tranquil for thirty hours.

He asked his friend with a very sweet and composed look, what message she wished him to deliver to her brother, when he should see him. In the same quiet manner, she desired him to say that she was trying to teach his little boys to love Jesus Christ, and that she hoped to meet him by and bye.

Jack gave a satisfied look, and told her he

would remember it. She adds ‘Accustomed, as I was to his amazing realization of things unseen, I felt actually startled at such an instance of calm, sober, considerate anticipation of a change, from which human nature shrinks with dismay. At the same time, it furnished me with a support under the trial, not to be recalled without admiring gratitude to Him who wrought thus wondrously.’

An old blind woman, aged eighty-six, had excited the deep interest of Charlotte Elizabeth, who has given her a place in her Chapters on Flowers, as the ‘Carnation.’ Jack heard daily of her state, for she was dying—and fully expected that he should be the first to enter into rest. She died, however, triumphantly, uttering the word “glory!”—about fourteen hours before his departure; and when told of it, he playfully called her, ‘Bad blind woman!’ for not waiting for him.

Oh glorious meeting! when the blind eye shall see Him—the unstopped ear shall hear

Him, and the tongue of the dumb shall join the chorus of ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of angels, saying with a loud voice, ‘ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.’

The morning of Jack’s last day was marked by such a revival of strength, that he walked across the room with little help, and talked incessantly to all who came near him. Amongst other things he said to his friend, that once God destroyed all men by rain, except those in the ark : and that he would soon do it again, not with water, but with fire. He described the Lord as taking up the wicked by handfuls, breaking them, and throwing them into the fire ; repeating, ‘ all bads, all bads, go fire.’

Is not Jack bad ? she asked, intelligibly to him.

‘ Yes, Jack bad very.’

‘ God throw Jack fire ? ’

‘ No—no. Jesus Christ loves poor Jack.’ He then spoke rapturously of the red hand ; of the angels he should soon be singing with ; of the day when Satan should be cast into the pit, and of the delight he should have in seeing his friends again.

He prayed for his family, begged her to teach Mary to read the Bible, to warn Pat against bad examples, to bring up Capt. B——’s boys to love Jesus Christ, and lastly he repeated, over and over again, the fervent injunction, to love Ireland, to pray for Ireland, to write books for ‘ Jack’s poor Ireland,’ and in every way to oppose Popery. He called it ‘ Roman ’ always : and it was a striking sight to behold that youth, all but dead, kindling into the most animated, stern, energetic warmth of manner, raising his cold damp hands, and spelling with them the words, ‘ Roman is a lie.’ ‘ One Jesus Christ, one (meaning he was the only Saviour) Jack’s ONE Jesus Christ,’ and then with a force as if he would leave the

character impressed on his hands, he reiterated, as slowly as possible, his dying protest, ‘Roman is a LIE !’

A little after this, he began to make little crosses with his forefingers and then violently to break them, in signification of destroying the idol-crucifixes ; then the right hand swiftly pushed up and down the palm of the left to represent the spreading of mortar, and both joined together gradually raised as high as he could reach, to imitate the building of a spire, which was his usual sign for a Protestant church—then again lowered to spell the words ; ‘ quick, quick ; Jack’s poor Ireland !’ implying that it was the only way to save his country and must not be delayed.

Very sweetly he thanked Charlotte Elizabeth for all her care, and he thus bequeathed to her his zeal against the destroyer of his people.

The last signs of his removal came on in the evening ; his sight failed, he rubbed his eyes,

shook his head, and then smiled with conscious pleasure.

‘At last,’ says Charlotte Elizabeth, ‘he asked me to let him lie down on the sofa where he had been sitting, and saying calmly, ‘a sleep,’ put his hand into mine, closed his eyes, and breathed his spirit forth so gently that it was difficult to mark the precise moment of that joyful change.’

He was buried in Bagshot church-yard, near the Eastern window. It was a four miles’ walk through melting snow, under a drizzling rain, on a comfortless day, yet all the boys of the Sunday School, and a few of the girls, appeared, attired in their best, and formed in procession, following on foot the carriage which bore the dumb boy’s remains to their final resting-place.

In the carriage that conveyed the coffin sat Charlotte Elizabeth, reading the Gospel to poor Mary, whose heart had melted at the scene she

had witnessed, and she now abandoned the false communion of Rome.

Charlotte Elizabeth survived this blessed young saint for fifteen years—and about half an hour before her departure showed manifest signs of joy, although unable to speak, when he who tended her death-bed, spelled on his fingers the name of ‘Jack,’ and reminded her that she would soon meet him.

THE END.

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